

THE THEATRE

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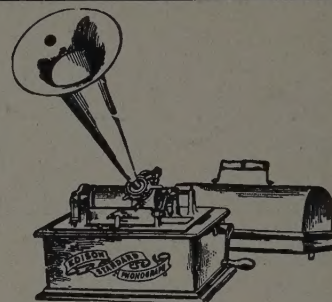
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THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

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THE THEATRE

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ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Editor



Photo Bennett

CLARA MORRIS AS SISTER GENEVIEVE IN "THE TWO ORPHANS"

This picture is particularly interesting from the fact that it shows this distinguished American actress in what is likely to prove the last rôle she will play on the stage, with which she has been prominently connected for considerably over a quarter of a century. It is exactly forty years since Clara Morris first made her theatrical début. Coming from the West, she soon secured recognition in New York, and in such rôles as Camille, Miss Multon, etc., etc., for many years held undisputed sway as America's leading emotional actress.



PLAYS and PLAYERS

PERHAPS there is no easier criticism than to describe a play as old-fashioned after it has outlasted a generation or two of men. The mere matter of age does not make a play old-fashioned, nor does it necessarily make anything in the whole field of art old-fashioned if it be genuine. Is the Apollo Belvidere old-fashioned, or the Venus De Medici? It is only when the spirit and sentiment are obsolete, or the form is disused, that the play ceases to be modern. "The Two Orphans," by d'Ennery and Cormon, is as fresh to-day as it was thirty years ago. The revival of this play, after the lapse of many years, by A. M. Palmer, who originally introduced it to the American stage, is interesting chiefly in that it is practically a new play to a new generation of playgoers, and that its cast is almost entirely made up of so-called "star" players. To those who remember the old Union Square production, the latter means little or nothing. Thirty years ago the piece was as well, if not better acted, and yet the unforgettable performances of Marie Wilkins as Mother Frochard, Charles Thorne as the Chevalier, and Kate Claxton as Louise, did not at the time give those players any special distinction. They were merely good stock actors. Other days, other manners! To-day the competent actor is a "star," and

real histrionic genius is left to devise a new adjective to crown its greatness when Fame comes to place the laurel on its brow.

But to return to our muttons, it is proof enough of the sterling qualities of this old French melodrama that so many prominent players, as are in this present cast, can measure themselves with D'Ennery's art and yet have not the right to claim they are superior to it. The play itself is based on such elemental sympathies that it stands out as an inimitable thing. The story will belong to D'Ennery for all time. It is pure melodrama, and yet it has about it an external romanticism as potent as its romanticism of emotion. Of indelicacies there is not a trace. The play is wholly sympathetic and has a vitality that can survive even bad plays. As now given, it is a fine performance taken altogether, although it might well have a little more of the old-fashioned melodramatic swing in some of its passages. Melodrama is not a thing of restraint. The polite and unimpassionate etiquette of the twentieth century is foreign to the year 1785.

It is interesting to witness the extraordinary and affectionate welcome that is nightly bestowed upon Clara Morris, who has returned to the stage in this play after a long absence. The performance of Elita Proctor Otis is an achievement, for in her



Hall

MARGUERITE GAUTHIER
(Margaret Anglin)

ARMAND: Dead! Oh, my God!

ARMAND
(Henry Miller)

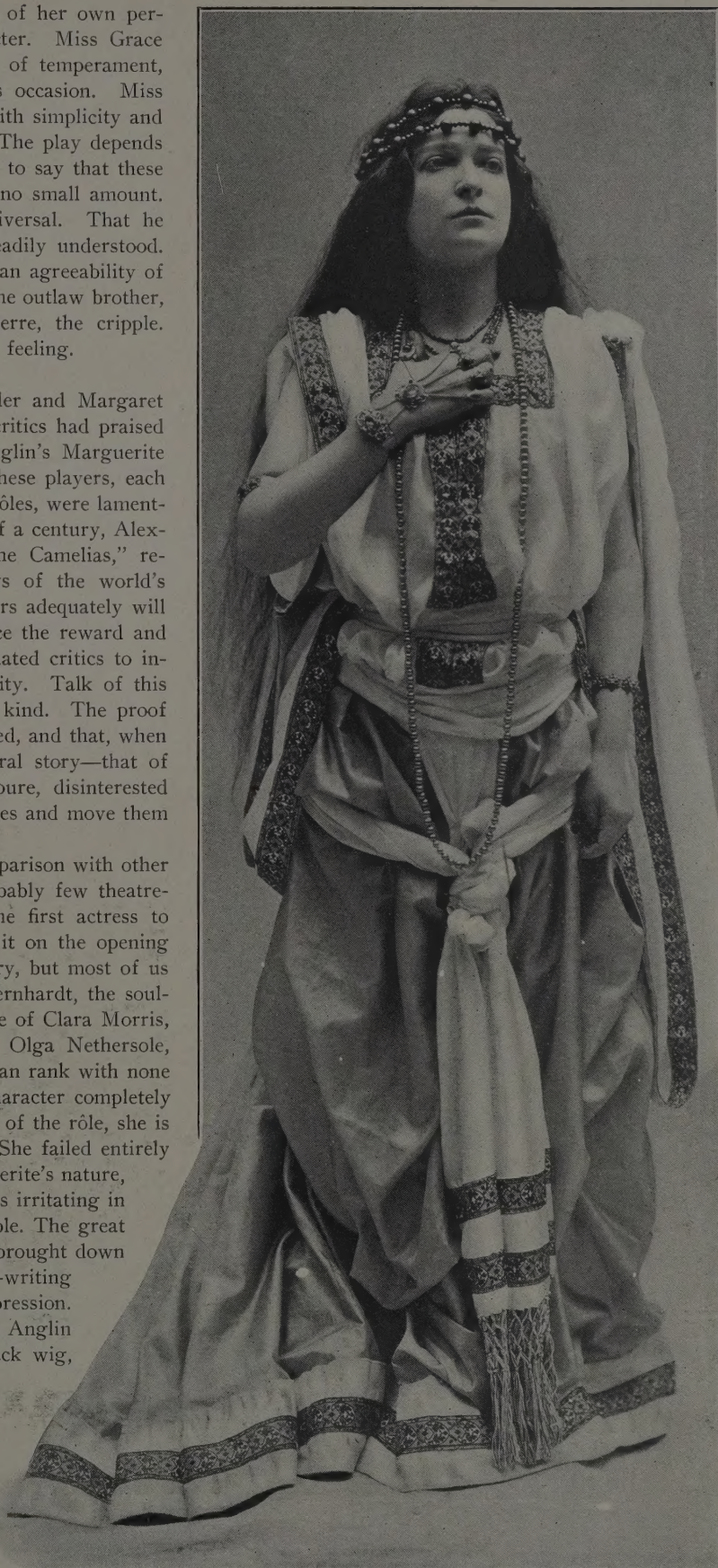
"CAMILLE" AT THE HUDSON THEATRE

study of Mother Frochard she sinks every trace of her own personality which does not lend itself to the character. Miss Grace George as Louise makes manifest the possession of temperament, and makes a step forward in her career on this occasion. Miss Margaret Illington, as Henriette, plays the part with simplicity and force. She also has gained by her opportunity. The play depends in considerable measure upon the two sisters, and to say that these two answer the demands of the play is praise of no small amount. Kyrle Bellew's popularity is undisputed and universal. That he played the Chevalier with finished art may be readily understood. Charles Warner, a most accomplished actor, with an agreeability of wickedness about him, which gives a piquancy to the outlaw brother, plays Jacques Frochard, and James O'Neill, Pierre, the cripple. Annie Irish played the Countess with dignity and feeling.

The performance of "Camille," by Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin, was a double disappointment. Western critics had praised highly the former's Armand Duval and Miss Anglin's Marguerite Gauthier, but it must be frankly said that both these players, each of whom has gained distinction in less important rôles, were lamentably and hopelessly at sea. After the lapse of half a century, Alexander Dumas' famous piece, "The Lady with the Camellias," remains to-day one of the most noteworthy plays of the world's drama, and to be able to act its principal characters adequately will ever be the goal of ambitious players, and at once the reward and test of dramatic genius. It is idle for superannuated critics to inveigh against the piece on the score of immorality. Talk of this kind is foolish and phariseism of the narrowest kind. The proof that "Camille" is a great play is that it has survived, and that, when competently played, its dramatic and highly moral story—that of a vicious, depraved woman redeemed through pure, disinterested love and self-sacrifice—never fails to hold audiences and move them to tears.

Each new Marguerite inevitably challenges comparison with other and famous Marguerites, past and present. Probably few theatre-goers alive to-day remember Eugénie Doche, the first actress to play this celebrated rôle, and whose triumph in it on the opening night in Paris, in 1852, is now a matter of history, but most of us are familiar with the luxurious Marguerite of Bernhardt, the soulful Marguerite of Duse, the passionate Marguerite of Clara Morris, and the fine performances of Helena Modjeska, Olga Nethersole, and Jane Hading. Miss Anglin's interpretation can rank with none of these. Finished actress though she be, the character completely eludes her, and if she herself has the correct idea of the rôle, she is incapable of communicating it to her audience. She failed entirely to show the lighter and voluptuous side of Marguerite's nature, and acted throughout in a dull monotone that was irritating in the extreme. Most of the time, too, she was inaudible. The great scenes in the play, in which other actresses have brought down the house, went for naught, notably the letter-writing scene, which failed to make the slightest impression. Usually an attractive woman on the stage, Miss Anglin made herself look hideous by wearing a jet black wig, this, probably, being an attempt to fit Dumas' own description of his heroine. There were, however, so many other points in which the actress did not fit the description, that it was hardly worth while bothering about the hair.

Mr. Miller's Armand was on the same dull level of mediocrity. Physically unsuited to the part of the love-sick French



Hall

MISS MAY BUCKLEY

As Saul's daughter in "The Shepherd King"

youth, whose spotless soul has not yet been contaminated by contact with Parisian vice, Mr. Miller committed the artistic blunder of failing to off-set this defect by "making up" for the part. He came on just as he appears every day, hair brushed on the side—a style sometimes seen in France, but certainly no Armand would be guilty of it—and with clothes cut in the fashion of 1904. There was thus no dramatic illusion from the start, nor did Mr. Miller's acting at any time offer compensation, for it was heavy and conventional throughout.

When it is seriously urged against a Biblical play, in which the chief character is a shepherd, that it is ridiculous and a defect to have him first appear bearing a helpless lamb in his arms, that play is safe. Critical shafts of this kind can darken the air and leave the play unharmed. "The Shepherd King," as presented by Wright Lorimer and his company at the Knickerbocker Theatre, has the unreserved approbation of every mind susceptible of truth and sincerity modestly urged. A young man, unknown to the theatre-going public of New York, ventures to produce a worthy play, and is subjected to criticisms of the most trivial sort. It is a beautiful and costly production, and if only the externals were there, small praise could be given. If the play were wholly meretricious, it could not succeed. The subject of the madness of Saul and the rise of David is not a new one to the dramatists. Alfieri, in the Italian drama, has treated it in elaborate and pious verse. Rückert, in the German, has given it a somewhat more romantic treatment, but in both cases the action is paralyzed by the long speeches. The present play has been constructed more

with reference to the theatrical opportunities, and, indeed, is called a romantic drama. If the romanticism were trivial, and if the dignity of the subject were disregarded, the play would fail of its proper effect. David, in the beginning, at the home of his father, is loved by a bondmaid. As he ascends to his destiny in the life of the nation, he loves and is loved by Merab, the younger daughter of Saul. Reasons of state and the ambitions of Michal, the elder daughter of Saul, seem to require the union of David and Michal. The bondmaid perishes for love as she interposes her body to receive the javelin thrust by Saul at David. Thus, the action largely concerns this complication of love; but it does not depart from the higher requirements of the Biblical story. If any criticism could rightly be made, it would be that the theatrical opportunities are not always followed. Wright Lorimer as David is absolutely free from any of that disturbing self-consciousness that so often vitiates the assumption of a character in which dignity and sweetness and simplicity, qualities of the original, should remain absolutely dominant. If the construction of the play is dramatic, and possibly a bit theatrical in outline, if not in performance, Mr. Lorimer's acting of David is natural and unobtrusive. Charles Kent plays Saul impressively and with dignity. Miss May Buckley as Michal, and Miss Nellete Reed as Merab, the two daughters of Saul, played the contrasting natures admirably.

"Saucy Sally," by F. C. Burnand, is a good example of a well-constructed farce, its various incidents, however preposterous, growing consistently out of premises firmly established and accepted. It may easily be said that this diverting piece



DAVID
(Wright Lorimer)

MICHAL
(May Buckley)

PHALTI
(Edmund Breese)

MICHAL: "A reward for thy alertness"

SCENE IN THE BIBLICAL PLAY, "THE SHEPHERD KING"



MR. HAWTREY

FANNY BROUGH

JULIA BOOTH

The great voyager telling his mother-in-law astounding tales of his adventures

CHARLES HAWTREY IN "SAUCY SALLY" AT THE NEW LYCEUM

lately presented at the New Lyceum by Charles Hawtrey and his associates, is reminiscent of comical complications that have been seen in farces from a French source. Nevertheless, the individual humor of Burnand is distinct and genuine. A man, in order to marry the woman he loves, and, in particular, to propitiate his mother-in-law, professes to have been a great voyager and tells astounding tales of his adventures, which the mother-in-law puts into the form of a book. In living up to his reputation, he has to defend many inconsistencies, and, having promised himself to another woman, he finds himself, from the beginning of the play, in a state of comical activity. This is heightened by the arrival of a real Captain of his name, and a real ship called the "Saucy Sally." There is no arguing against the comicalities of this piece. It is excellent entertainment of the light order. Mr. Hawtrey, with his natural and persuasive methods, established himself in further favor with the American public.

After a series of unfortunate experiments this season, Willie Collier seems to have found at last a piece which fits his peculiar talents as entertainer. In "The Dictator" he will undoubtedly regain that popularity which a long run of unsuccess threatened to jeopardize. His new vehicle is frankly farcical, and being less pretentious than other pieces by the same author, is more likely to win lasting favor. It is decidedly amusing, and those theatre-goers who attend the play only to be entertained could desire no better fare. Brooke Travers and his valet have fled from New York, believing they have killed

a cabman, and the first act finds them on the steamer which has just dropped anchor in the harbor of Porto Banos, Central America. Among its passengers is the new American consul, who, for a consideration, passes his credentials over to Travers. The second act shows the American consulate, and here Travers confronts the perils that awaited the real consul—an enraged sweetheart, betrayed revolutionists, etc. He is fully equal to the task, and keeps his assailants at bay by threatening to summon an American warship, making a bluff of so doing by wireless telegraphy. To his own surprise, the warship arrives in the nick of time, and everything ends happily. Mr. Collier is admirably suited to the title rôle, his dry humor and quick, audacious manner keeping the spectators in a constant ripple of laughter. Edward Abeles is droll as the craven valet, and John Barrymore made a hit as the wireless operator. Robert McQuade, Jr., contributes a life-like portrait of a fire-eating Central American general.

A new play, "Love's Pilgrimage," by Horace B. Fry, whose one-act play, "Little Italy," brought him distinction, was produced at a special matinee at Wallack's Theatre recently. One of its purposes was to give an opportunity to Miss Carlotta Nillson, a young actress of remarkable temperament, who is also capable of communicating feeling in a suppressed method of acting. In this special and necessarily hasty production, Miss Nillson lost nothing in the esteem which she gained in "Hedda Gabler." Mr. Fry's play was ineffective, except the last act, which came too late to save it.

"Piff, Paff, Pouf," a so-called "musical cocktail," mixed by no fewer than three authors, is the latest attraction at the Casino, and, judging from the large audiences it draws, the piece has hit the public fancy. The weakness of the book is compensated for by a bevy of exceedingly pretty girls, known as the English Pony ballet. They dance gracefully, and, being on view all the time, are the life of the piece. The so-called Radium dance is a novel yet simple effect. The stage is plunged into absolute darkness, and against this opaque background skip with ropes ten or twelve girls, whose dresses have been steeped in some phosphorescent chemical.

Among the curious theatrical manifestations of Spring was the production at the Savoy of "The Superstition of Sue." A young man, engaged to be married, determines, without adequate reason or proof of sincerity, even in a comical spirit, to commit suicide. He has not the courage to take his own life, and he seeks to have it taken by others. Undeniably, many of the incidents were exceedingly comical. There was an entirely successful and amusing incident in which the would-be suicide gets a pugilist to tell him of how he accidentally killed a man in the prize ring, and tries to force him to administer the same blow. The diminutive aspirant for death slaps his burly instructor in the art of fighting in the face, and exhausts every effort to provoke him to the fatal blow. This little bit, as played by Jack Webster, was diverting. Otherwise, the farce was overloaded with unassimilated junk.

Ibsen has again broken out during the past month. The

Century Players, at the Princess Theatre, presented "Rosmersholm," a play in four acts which had not yet been seen in America, and Wilton Lackaye, at the Lyric, gave a special matinee of "The Pillars of Society." To those who believe that Ibsen is the playwright who has brought the dramatic message of the age, "Rosmersholm" must be a delight. Problem piles upon problem at every turn of the page, and the heroine, Rebecca West, is half a dozen personages. Florence Kahn was the Rebecca. It was a more than earnest effort, but robbed of its true worth by a theatricalism and artificiality more than reprehensible in one so young and endowed with natural talent.

Of the performance of the "Pillars of Society" little good can be said. That production, too, suffered from inadequate preparation, and even as conscientious and careful an artist as Mr. Lackaye was caught stumbling over his lines. Under these circumstances, it will suffice as a matter of record to mention that the matinee took place on April 15.

At the Majestic, "The Wizard of Oz" is again drawing large audiences. Several new musical numbers have been introduced, and the piece goes with vim. Hardly necessary is it to add that those inimitable clowns, Montgomery and Stone, are still strong features of the cast. The West End Theatre is growing steadily in popularity, due to the astute policy which takes up to Harlem some of the best attractions seen on Broadway. Within the last few weeks the following pieces have been seen in this handsome 125th Street playhouse: "Foxy Grandpa," "In Old Kentucky," "Sis Hopkins," and Ward and Vokes in "A Pair of Pinks."

IN MEMORIAM: DAN DALY

ACROSS the garish Stage, in painted guise,
I watched thee frolic forth thy antic part,—
As if forgetful save of thy strange art,—
And, serpentine, earn the eager eyes
Of those the specious spectacle supplies
With gilded, gay grotesqueries to start
The Hours' leaden feet. But in my heart

I wept: for I had caught with swift surmise
The sad, self-slaying mystery of thy mirth
And riotous revelry. While sons of Earth
(Their hallow hopes laid low) fall faint, or hate
The longing Life that knows no sweet respite,
Flaunting thy rollicking in the gruesome face of Fate,
Thou taught men blithely to brave the blackest Night.

J. D. LOGAN.



Hall

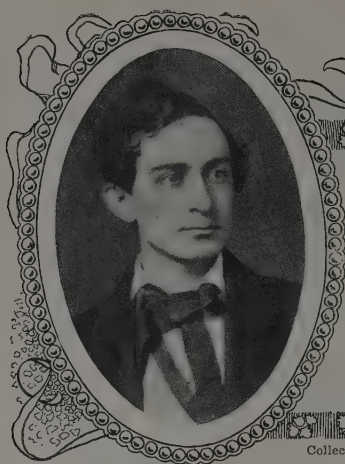
Comedian John Hyman in his toy automobile, and the English Pony Ballet

SCENE IN "PIFF, PAFF, POUF" AT THE CASINO



MISS FRANCES BELMONT

Appearing as Cecile in Charles Hawtrey's production of "Saucy Sally." In London this coming season Miss Belmont will play leading rôles with Mr. Hawtrey.



EDWIN BOOTH AT 19

Collection William Seymour



FAMOUS FAMILIES OF AMERICAN PLAYERS

No. 1—THE BOOTHS



JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH AT 35

Collection A. M. Palmer

HAD there been no Edmund Kean in England, there probably would have been no Edwin Booth in America; for the historic quarrel between Kean and Junius Brutus Booth was the ultimate cause of the latter's setting sail for Virginia, after a bitter feud between the two tragedians.

Born in London May 1, 1796, Junius Brutus was descended through his father, Richard Booth, an attorney, from the famous orator, John Wilkes. After receiving a college education, he studied law, and turned his attention to the navy; but finding neither of these to his liking, he became an actor, despite the protestations of his family. He made his first appearance in London, at Covent Garden Theatre, as Silvius in "As You Like It," and at once became a public favorite.

Edmund Kean, who was then playing at Drury Lane, had, up to that time, been without a rival on the London boards. There was such a striking resemblance in person and manner between the two actors that the friends of Kean accused Booth of imitating Kean, and the dispute waxed so fast and furious that Kean became alarmed for the result. He resolved to crush his rival, and with that view craftily induced the manager of Drury Lane to offer Booth such strong inducement that the latter broke his contract at Covent Garden and consented to play in support of Kean, leaving the patrons of Covent Garden furious at what they termed a desertion to the enemy. He played Iago at Drury Lane to Kean's Othello, but in the scene where they come together, Kean was so successful in eclipsing Booth that the latter again broke his contract and

returned to Covent Garden, when took place the most terrible theatrical riots that have ever occurred in London.

Mr. Booth was billed to play Richard III. The house was filled with friends and enemies, and through the shouts and hisses that came from the pit, the play progressed in pantomime. Efforts were made to quell the noise; a placard was raised—*Grant silence to explain*—but to no avail! Another placard—*Can Englishmen condemn unheard?*—but at midnight, when the house was cleared, Booth was still unheard, and feeling grew more tense because of the rumor that Drury Lane had sent representatives to ruin the performance. War among managers and lawsuits were the natural outcome, and Booth's printed apologies for his desertion from Covent Garden were scattered through the house. On March 1, the play was repeated; cries filled the place—"Booth forever"—and counter cries—"No Booth;" placards were again raised—*He has been punished enough; let us forgive him; the*

Pit forgives him. After this, prejudice abated somewhat, the public realizing in part the excessive jealousy of Kean.

But the effects of the quarrel were telling, and resulted in Booth's sudden determination to sail for America. On January 18, 1821, he married Mary Anne Holmes, and it was while on a trip to Madeira with her that he took passage, landing at Norfolk, Virginia, June 30, 1821. Here his career was practically begun again a few nights after in "Richard III." He had no letters of introduction, and there were some doubts whether he was the real Booth or some impudent adventurer.



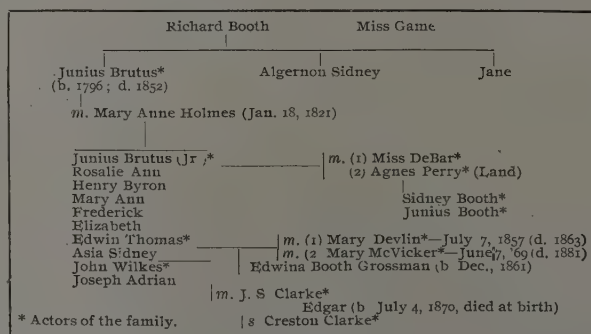
Collection of William Seymour

JUNIUS BRUTUS, JR.

EDWIN

JOHN WILKES

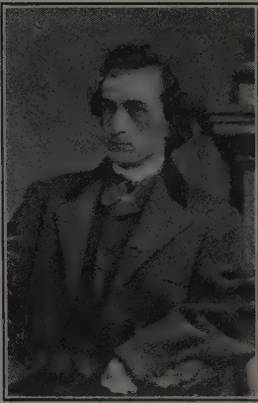
THE THREE ACTOR SONS OF JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH



CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE



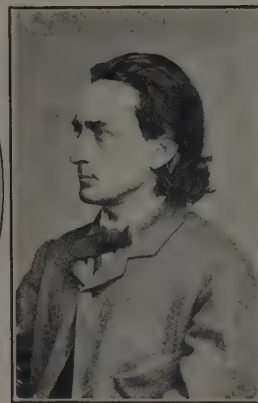
Collection of William Seymour
At 35



At 25



Copyright Falk
HIS LAST PORTRAIT



At 30



Collection Col. T. A. Brown
At 45

EDWIN BOOTH AT DIFFERENT PERIODS OF HIS LIFE

After appearing in New York, Booth toured the South as far as New Orleans, and it was while in Charleston that Junius Brutus Booth, Jr., was born. He had ten children, only three of whom adopted the stage as a profession. In 1822, he purchased "The Farm," about twenty-five miles from Baltimore, and throughout his life, whenever opportunity was favorable, he came there for rest and quiet. Here it was that Richard Booth, his father, arrived from England this same year.

The following years saw Booth, now stamped as a great tragedian, spending a great part of his time between Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Charleston. In 1827, his life was endangered by a lunatic, who rushed upon him with an axe, but was held from violence by the actor, who "fixed" him with his eye. The next year Booth undertook the management of a New Orleans theatre, and on February 19, 1828, having perfected himself in several French plays, he presented Racine's "Andromaque," playing Orestes with great effect. His ability to play in the French language is thus commented upon by a writer of the time: "His accentuation was so perfect, and every peculiarity of French acting so minutely observed by him, that the astonishment and delight were general. At the close he was loudly called for, and cries of 'Talma! Talma!' saluted him amid every sound of applause and approbation."

Domestic trials now weighed upon the tragedian in the death of three of his children. Signs of mental derangement also became manifest during his tours. He was once saved from drowning after having thrown himself into the sea, prompted by a wild idea that he was carrying a message to a friend. He was taken to Charleston, where an engagement was pending, and during his stay there, he broke

his nose, thus disfiguring his face, and adding a twang to his otherwise rich voice.

During these travels, Booth managed to make intermittent journeys to "The Farm." Here Edwin was born on November 13, 1833, well omened by a night of meteoric showers, and here our greatest Hamlet grew up, obtaining a superficial education, and becoming an absolute comfort to his father. It was in 1849 that Edwin made his first appearance as Tressels while Junius Brutus was giving "Richard III" in Boston; and he likewise appeared as Edgar in "King Lear." Then, in 1851, while in New York, an evening came when the elder Booth suddenly complained of indisposition, and sent Edwin to assume his rôle in "Richard." The story goes that he was not really ill, but wished to test his son's ability. The experiment, in any case, was a success, for after its first disappointment, the audience received Edwin's Richard with great applause.

Then came further signs of the father's mental breakdown. While playing "The Merchant of Venice" one evening, curtain calls failed to bring forth the elder Booth, and not until the moment for Shylock's entrance did he reveal himself, secluded in some dark scene-closet on the stage. His last performance was given in New Orleans on November 19, 1852.

He then set sail in a steamboat for Cincinnati, and died on board Nov. 30, his last words being, "Pray, pray pray!" His remains were carried to Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore, where a stone erected by Edwin, some years later, marks the spot. To this lovely cemetery Edwin Booth paid regular pilgrimages during his lifetime. There are the graves of his father, his mother, and most of his sisters and brothers. A short distance from the entrance

*Yours Affectionately
J. Wilkes Booth*

Collection Mrs. J. R. Vincent
Rare autograph of John Wilkes Booth



Collection Col. T. A. Brown
Edwin Booth and his second wife (Mary McVicker) and daughter, Edwina Booth Grossman



MISS MARGUERITE CLARK
Now appearing in "The Babes in Toyland"

one comes upon a plain marble shaft, standing on a high pedestal formed of rough-dressed granite blocks. The eye is arrested by the name BOOTH in large letters, near the base of a marble column. The side next to it bears on it a bas-relief pedestal of Junius Brutus Booth. A laurel wreath surrounds it. Beneath are these lines:

Behold the spot where
Junius lies,
Oh, drop a tear where
Genius dies,
Of Tragedy the mighty
chief,
Thy power to please sur-
passed belief.
Hic Jacet—the match-
less Booth.

Though himself non-sectarian, the elder Booth was known as a Jew, because, writes his daughter, Mrs. Clarke, he conversed

with rabbis and learned doctors, and joined their worship in the Hebraic tongue. Indeed, this is natural, since the family was of Spanish Jewish extraction.

With the death of Junius Brutus, interest at once centered on his son Edwin, who was destined to become, at no distant date, the principal tragic figure on the American stage. The then reigning theatrical monarch was Edwin Forrest. Comparing the two players, William Winter says: "Forrest, although he had a spark of genius, was intrinsically and essentially animal. Booth was intellectual and spiritual. Forrest attained his popularity and the bulk of his large fortune by impersonating the Indian chieftain, Metamora. Booth gained and held his eminence by acting Hamlet and Richelieu."

It was in California that Edwin Booth's brilliant career began. There it was that he acted Hamlet and Iago for the first time, and where he received the news of the death of his father, whom he idolized. Under the management of his brother Junius, he appeared at a San Francisco hall in farces and burlesques; essaying later Petruchio and finally Richard III, which latter rôle proved his first substantial success. San Francisco rang with the praises of this performance, and, when shortly afterwards he acted Hamlet at his own benefit, his triumph was complete. After an adventurous trip to the islands in the Pacific and Australia, he returned East, playing in Baltimore, and thence traveling through the South. He took the public in Boston by surprise with his Sir Giles Overreach in April, 1857, and then, coming to New York, he increased his repertoire with the rôles by which he is remembered.

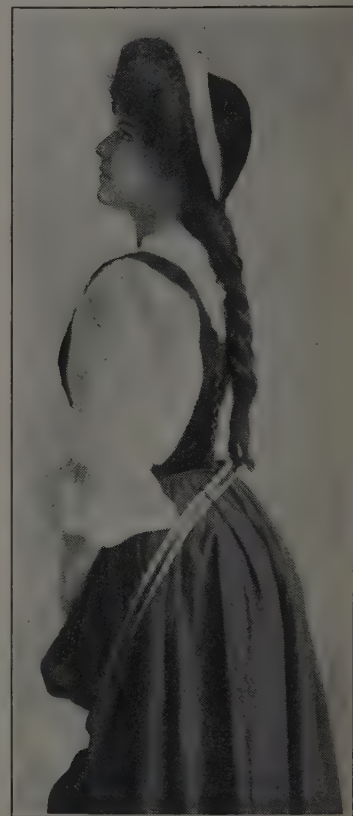
Edwin Booth was married to Mary Devlin on July 7, 1860. Soon afterwards he sailed for Europe, and in September, 1861,

he appeared at the Haymarket as Shylock. While in London, Edwina, now Mrs. Grossman, was born. The strong feeling in England over the pending Civil War hastened Booth's return to America, where, in New York, his Winter Garden engagement began. But, along with successes, misfortunes crowded. On February 21, 1863, Mrs. Booth died, leaving a great void in the player's life.

On November 25, 1864, "Julius Cæsar" was specially presented at a benefit for the erection of a Shakespeare statue, now standing in Central Park, New York, and on this memorable occasion, the three brothers, Junius, John Wilkes, and Edwin were in the cast.

Not a month had elapsed after the hundredth performance of "Hamlet" at the Winter Garden on March 22, 1865, when the mad act of an unbalanced mind sent the Nation into mourning and Edwin Booth into temporary seclusion. The assassination of President Lincoln by John Wilkes Booth on April 14, 1865, must ever be looked upon as a frenzied act that was contrary to the real nature of the man. His first appearance as an actor was made in the traditional part in "Richard III," and his final appearance on the boards was made as Pescara in "The Apostate"—a benefit given to John McCullough. He was very popular with his associates, and those who knew him have described him as a man of prepossessing carriage, high strung, a thorough artist, whose love for the dramatic was shown in the whole progress of the final tragedy. Had his life been normal, it is believed he would have surpassed Edwin in power and scope. Clara Morris, in whose company he acted, writes of him: "Like his great elder brother, he was rather lacking in height, but his head and throat and the manner of its rising from his shoulders were truly beautiful. His coloring was unusual, the ivory pal-
lor of his skin, the inky blackness of his densely thick hair, the heavy lids of his glowing eyes, were all Oriental, and they gave a touch of mystery to his face when it fell into gravity, but there was generally a flash of white teeth behind his silky mustache and a laugh in his eyes. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the sex was in love with John Booth, the name Wilkes being apparently unused by his family and close friends."

Hunted on all sides after the assassination, and making his way into the country, despite a broken leg, he was finally shot. The last words of the distraught man were: "Tell mother I died for my country I did what I thought was best."



MISS VERA MICHELENA
San Francisco girl who will be seen shortly in "The Man from China"

This tragedy preyed upon Edwin Booth's mind so much that it was long before he could be persuaded to return to the stage. But on January 3, 1866, he reappeared as Hamlet, that classic representation which has never, as yet, been surpassed.

The following year, a long-cherished idea of the great actor was consummated in the erection of Booth's Theatre on Twenty-third street, in New York, and its opening on February 3, 1869, marked his appearance as Romeo to the Juliet of Mary McVicker, whom he married on June 7, 1870.

The life of Edwin Booth is filled with successes that have now become the greatest traditions of the American stage. Though as a manager he lost financially, the force of his art rebuilt his fortunes thrice for him—a worthy example to be held up to those who discountenance the idea of an established home for "legitimate" drama. "Remember," is the saying,

"Booth made and lost three fortunes on Shakespeare."

The second Mrs. Booth died on November 13, 1881, and the grief-stricken husband made another trip to Europe, touring the continent. The years that followed in America witnessed Booth's association with many noted men and women of the stage: Ristori, Salvini, Modjeska—to mention a few—but his deepest bond was with Lawrence Barrett, whose career was indissolubly linked with that of Booth's from Sept. 13, 1887, to Barrett's death on March 20, 1891. In 1888, The Players was opened, the clubhouse being a gift of Booth's to his fellow actors.

Booth's last appearance on the stage was as Hamlet at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, April 4, 1891. His strength gradually failed him, until, on June 8, 1893, the great American actor passed away.

MONTROSE J. MOSES.



EVA DAVENPORT

MARIE DRESSLER

MARIE CAHILL

THE THREE FUNNY WOMEN OF THE STAGE

THERE are three women on the American stage who are conceded to be genuinely and irresistibly funny.

A prominent New York dramatic critic, who is nothing if not a humorist himself, has solemnly declared Marie Dressler, Marie Cahill and Eva Davenport to be the only actresses in this country who possess the divine gift of being able to make people laugh.

Marie Dressler, as everybody knows, made her reputation in vaudeville, and made a tremendous hit in a burlesque of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," entitled "Tess of the Vaudevilles." More recently she has been making people laugh in the burlesque "Sweet Kitty Swellairs." Marie Cahill, funny as she is, was fourteen years on the stage before she attracted any particular attention. Then suddenly she made a hit with the song, "Nancy Brown," in "The Wild Rose." This was so successful that she was starred later in a piece called "Nancy Brown," and founded upon the song. Eva Davenport, who is at present appearing as the Spanish widow in "The Yankee Consul," came to this country years ago, singing leading rôles in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, "Patience" and "Pinafore." Later she was leading woman with Sam Bernard in "The Marquis of Michigan."

Nat. C. Goodwin, also an acknowledged humorist, has said: "To be funny, one must be serious." All three of these funny women of the stage agree with this philosophy of Fun. Harry B. Smith, still another local jester, has written: "It is other people's troubles that we laugh at on the stage."

This is likewise true. Recall the stage situations at which you have laughed the most. You laughed at "Why Smith Left Home," because Smith was well-nigh smothered under a mountain of visiting relatives. You laughed at "The Secret of Polichinelle," because everybody is in trouble. You laughed at the Yankee Consul because the Consul is in grief as often as he is in his cups, which is all the time.

Marie Cahill, who sang "Nancy Brown" into success after the song had failed on the lips of a half-dozen male comedians, did so by making it two or three shades more lugubrious than the rest had done. An added tinge of sorrow in this line, a more helpless shrug at that, and Miss Cahill made the song famous and herself a star.

"How to be funny?" said Miss Cahill, recently. "That is a difficult question. Some players are funniest when they try to be serious. I succeed in being funny chiefly by studying people in real life and reproducing natural humor as closely

as possible by artifices. I always strive at quiet in my fun-making. One critic said I possessed 'the art of being funny still and still being funny.'

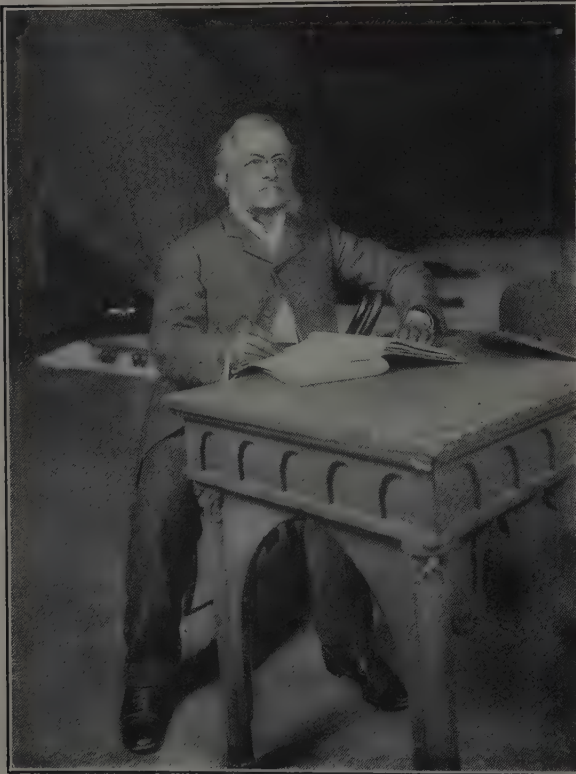
"Contrast is my greatest aid. Have you ever seen Mr. Gillette in one of his dramas with all sorts of lightning playing about his head and death threatening him from all sides? What does he do? Lights a cigar, calmly steps out of it, and the audience goes crazy with enthusiasm. The same methods are effective in comedy. I prefer above all else a scene where every one is raging about the stage, and, apparently, leading up to a startling dénouement. Then, I like to step out, say something flippant, and hear the people laugh. It is pleasant to hear the people laugh."

Eva Davenport's recipe for fun-making is brief, but comprehensive. "I am funniest when I am the most serious. When I try to be funny people think I am sarcastic, and say, 'Oh, what a disagreeable woman.'" That a woman need not make a scare-crow of herself to be funny on the stage, this actress is convinced.

The remarks she doesn't mean are addressed to an invisible dog, presumably hidden under the table. Once a bull-terrier appeared from somewhere after one of Miss Davenport's private monologues gravely addressed beneath the table-cloth, and a woman at the other end of the table cried, "Oh, I always thought your dog was a joke."

Marie Dressler says: "When everything else fails, I get my voice down to the audience and make a face."

Miss Dressler's "faces" are famous. She can make more grimaces than any woman on or off the stage. A. P.



Hall A. M. PALMER REHEARSING "THE TWO ORPHANS"

This veteran manager, who directed the destinies of the Union Square and Madison Square Theatres when these famous playhouses were at the height of their prosperity, and whose name is indissolubly connected with the history of the American stage, is now house manager of Charles Frohman's Herald Square Theatre, New York. Mr. Palmer's name has again come forward prominently recently as director of the present revival of "The Two Orphans." He is seen here rehearsing the melodrama on the stage of the New Amsterdam Theatre, after the long interval of thirty years which has elapsed since he first rehearsed the piece at the Union Square Theatre.

Letters to Actors I Have Never Seen



Millicent Moore

My Dear Mr. Sothern:

Stranger as I am, I hope you'll not think me unmaidenly, but right before me, on my desk as I write, is a splendid photograph of you as Hamlet. Those gorgeous big eyes of yours are looking at me with such pathetic earnestness that immediately springs up to my mind those words of the poet Gray. We had them the other day in our literature lesson: "Dear as the light that visits those sad eyes." What is it that

gives them such a wistful cast? It surely cannot be a pose? I should be horribly shocked if I found that were the case. For while we hear lots about the artistic earnestness of the younger actors, my brother says: "Sothern's O. K. He's the true gazabe, and is trying to make good in high-class stuff; while the rest blow a lot of hot air for the sake of getting the reading notices, and don't in their pinheads know the difference between Barney Shaw and Theo. Kremer."

My brother expresses himself in rather a vulgar way, but lots of his friends tell me his judgment is very keen. I really must confess that in all my collection your photograph is my favorite one. We are not allowed here at school to have actors' photographs in our rooms, but a special dispensation was made in favor of yours, because I have selected as the subject of my end-of-the-year thesis, "Hamlet, Was He Mad or Sane?" I think it's a very cute subject, and I selected it, too, all by myself. How I wish you might send me some of the conclusions you have reached in studying the part. But I know, of course, you are very much occupied, and I can hardly expect it of you.

Had you played "Hamlet" this season, I'd have been allowed to see you. But when I said, "May I not see 'The Proud Prince?'" my brother interfered and said, "Nay, nay, Pauline! 'Tis not for babes." And so mother wouldn't let me go.

I can't believe the piece is other than perfectly proper. I don't believe you would present anything indelicate. And yet they say you once wrote a comedy about a pair of garters. The world is so censorious. "Be thou as chaste as ice." You see how thorough my study of Hamlet has been.

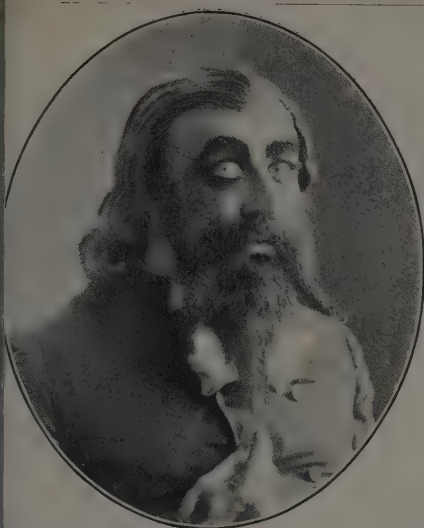
It will interest you to know that after our Shakespeare class the other day, we took a vote as to who was the best Prince of Denmark. The ballot stood: For E. H. Sothern, 16; for Walker Whitesides, 1; for Corse Payton, 2. The two girls who voted for Payton are twins and live in Brooklyn. They think he's just elegant, but from his photograph which they showed me, I should say his style was more of the pert and aggressive than the introspective and poetical which you typify.

It just made me too delighted for anything to read in last month's THEATRE MAGAZINE that, never mind how far you might be from each other, every night you and Mrs. Sothern have a heart-to-heart talk over the telephone. How I envy the Central on that wire. I think it's very generous of you to write plays for your wife when you're so busy. I suppose, if you practice at it real hard, some of these days you'll be a real playwright.

Sincerely, MILLICENT MOORE,
—Academy for Young Ladies,
—On-the-Hudson.



Schloss EDWARD SOTHERN



Morrisson As Svengali in "Trilby"



As Curtis Jadwin in "The Pit"



In "The Children of the Ghetto" Schloss

Wilton Lackaye Talks of the Actor's Art

(Chats with Players No. 26)

"PEOPLE talk a great deal about the psychology of acting, when acting is in reality a trade. It is merely a matter of muscle." Mr. Wilton Lackaye made this disillusioning statement as calmly as he had bade the writer "Good evening" a moment before. He was seated in his dressing-room in the Lyric Theatre. It was the night before the opening of "The Pit," and 500 raw supers were being rehearsed for the sensational pit scene. Mr. Lackaye delivered his opinion to a running accompaniment of impatient raps upon the door, and questions distressingly irrelevant to the interviewer, commonplacely matter—of course—to the actor whose poise was admirable. He was a big, quiet dynamo, using not one-thousandth of his tremendous reserve power.

"Rat! Tat!"

A tall youth entered and pointed to the almost dismembered pocket of his coat. "Is my pocket torn in the right place, Mr. Lackaye?" he asked, breathlessly.

"How would it be torn naturally?" asked Mr. Lackaye. "Downward! That's right."

Exit the youth to struggle with supers in the pit scene.

"What part does psychology play in acting?" we asked.

"Very little," answered the actor. "It is involved more or less in the study of a part, but you or I might know exactly what kind of a picture we wanted to draw. Our idea might be as original as Whistler's, but it would require a Whistler to execute it. Execution is the thing. Trained muscles are the greatest part of acting. You want to show anger. You frown, draw down your lips, thrust out your jaw. That is muscle. You want to express horror. The staring eyes, the shrinking figure. Muscle! Grief, love, revenge, benevolence? Muscle! Muscle! Muscle!"

"Rap! Bang!" at the door again.

The intruder was in mad haste. The stage manager came in leading a tiny

Ethiopian, brave in blue and buttons, and gorgeous in perfectly-fitting, white gloves.

"Will he do?" The stage manager swung the bijou African round on his heels.

Mr. Lackaye made a smiling survey.

"Yes," he said, "he'll do."

Exit the stage manager and the bangle Othello.

"The psychology of acting is perception," he went on. There are a few people who see, but many who do not. We will say that I pass a man on the street. He is a type I am about to play. I look at him. I see him. I note how he walks, how he carries his head, how he looks at passers-by, how he dresses. Or I may never see the type except by my mind's eye. I read my part. I think about how the man would look, how he would say this or that. Slowly he evolves. I have the eidolon. That is the psychology of acting, getting the eidolon—seeing the image."

"Bang!" Another knock.

"Come in!"

"Mr. Brady wants to see you!"

"Tell him I'll be there in a minute."

"I have paid a great deal of attention to make-up," he continued, while Mr. Brady waited with his pitters. "Many actors think little about it. Some don't use it at all. Joseph Jefferson doesn't. He never makes up. But in my opinion, 'make-up' plays a large part in an actor's success."

"How large a part?"

"When he comes on properly made up, he has played his prologue. I ascribe much of my success, as Svengali, to my make-up. Probably the best-known of the formulæ of acting is, 'Curves are the lines of beauty; angles are the lines of strength.' A character like Svengali, strong, unscrupulous, determined, has no curves. Nature has been overkind to me in the matter of curves, so I needs must eliminate them. I made up my



ROCKWOOD

WILTON LACKAYE, JR., AND HIS FATHER

eyebrows to form peaks. There were two angles. I made up deep, pointed shadows under the eyes. Two more angles! I selected a long, pointed beard. Another facial angle. My hair I combed to form a pointed crest, giving me still another angle.

"To reduce my figure to Machianellian lines was a harder task. I ordered a coat that fit me as snugly as a corset."

He drew his coat across his chest, squeezing it tight about the waist, and lo! half of his amplitude had vanished.

"The coat-tails had a decided slant, and there I had more angles. The sleeves were made short to give length to my hands. I drew long, purple lines on the back of my hands between the fingers to make them look longer. My trousers were so tight that had the seams been a quarter of an inch deeper I could not have walked. My shoes were long and pointed, my collar high. There was quite enough angle when we had finished."

"Rap! Rap!"

"Mr. Brady wants——"

"Tell him I'll be there presently."

"They call me a character actor," he said, not minding the interruption, "because I try to infuse character into my parts. Every one on the stage should be a character actor."

Mr. Lackaye agreed with the writer that while much is published about the home life of actresses, surprisingly little is said about the corresponding life of actors.

"I haven't a parrot," he said, "but I have a two-year-old son, Wilton Lackaye, Jr., who is a wonderful child. That may seem to you a banal remark, but you haven't met Wilton. Here is his photograph."



Otto Sarony Co.

A new portrait of Annie Russell

It was the topmost article in his trunk, a picture of a sweet-faced baby, whose cheek was pressed close to that of his mother. Mrs. Lackaye was Miss Alice Evans, of the Hoyt companies, until her marriage and her departure from the stage. Occasionally, when echoes of the stage have penetrated the quiet of their pretty home on West Thirty-sixth street, she has spoken of returning to it, but that was before the advent of Wilton Lackaye, Jr.

"That boy is a tyrant," said his father, gazing at the photograph. "He holds continuous court and has a constant suite of four—his mother, his aunt, his nurse, and myself, follow him everywhere and obey his every command.

His reign has never been disputed, except by Bully Boy."

Bully Boy is the famous, prize-winning bull-terrier, whose list of acquaintances is a hundred-fold larger than his master's.

"When I walked out with him a hundred persons said, 'Hello, Bully Boy!' to one who spoke to me. Bully Boy was a pampered aristocrat, and he never had a sorrow until the baby came. He sulked and refused to be comforted. When he heard them bringing the perambulator up the front stoop, he would run to the basement, so that he wouldn't see Wilton Lackaye, Jr.'s, welcome home. He never touched the child, but he stayed out of his way. He would never be in the same room with him if he could help it. While I was

on the road this fall I got a telegram from my wife.

"Am sending Bully Boy to you by 4:15 train."

"I knew what it meant. The impending had happened. Jealousy had mastered Bully Boy and he had snapped at the baby. Since then he has been exiled. A man has been taking care of him. But he comes to the theatre to see me."

Asked about the routine of his home life, Mr. Lackaye made quick response:

"I do whatever my wife lets me. Yes, I mean it. When a man does anything else, that is the beginning of divorce."

"Rap! Rap!"

"Mr. Brady wants——"

The interruption brought us back to the stage.

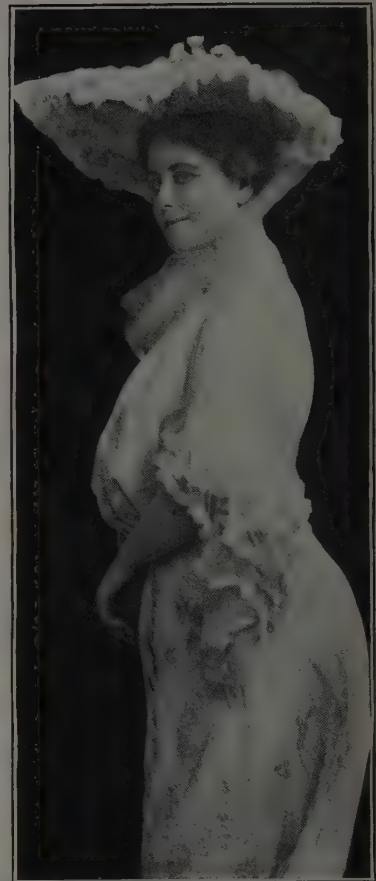
"I was President of the Lawrence Barrett Dramatic Association of Washington, D. C., when I was eighteen years old," said Mr. Lackaye. "I met Mr. Barrett and he asked me if I intended to go on the stage. I answered that I did not, that I was studying law. I suppose that question was the turning point. It set me thinking about being an actor. The next year I made my debut as 'another' in a Shakespearean play."

"Have you ever regretted your choice?"

"Never for a moment." Blue fires of enthusiasm burned in his eyes, but otherwise Wilton Lackaye was still the thousand-power dynamo using an atom of his force.

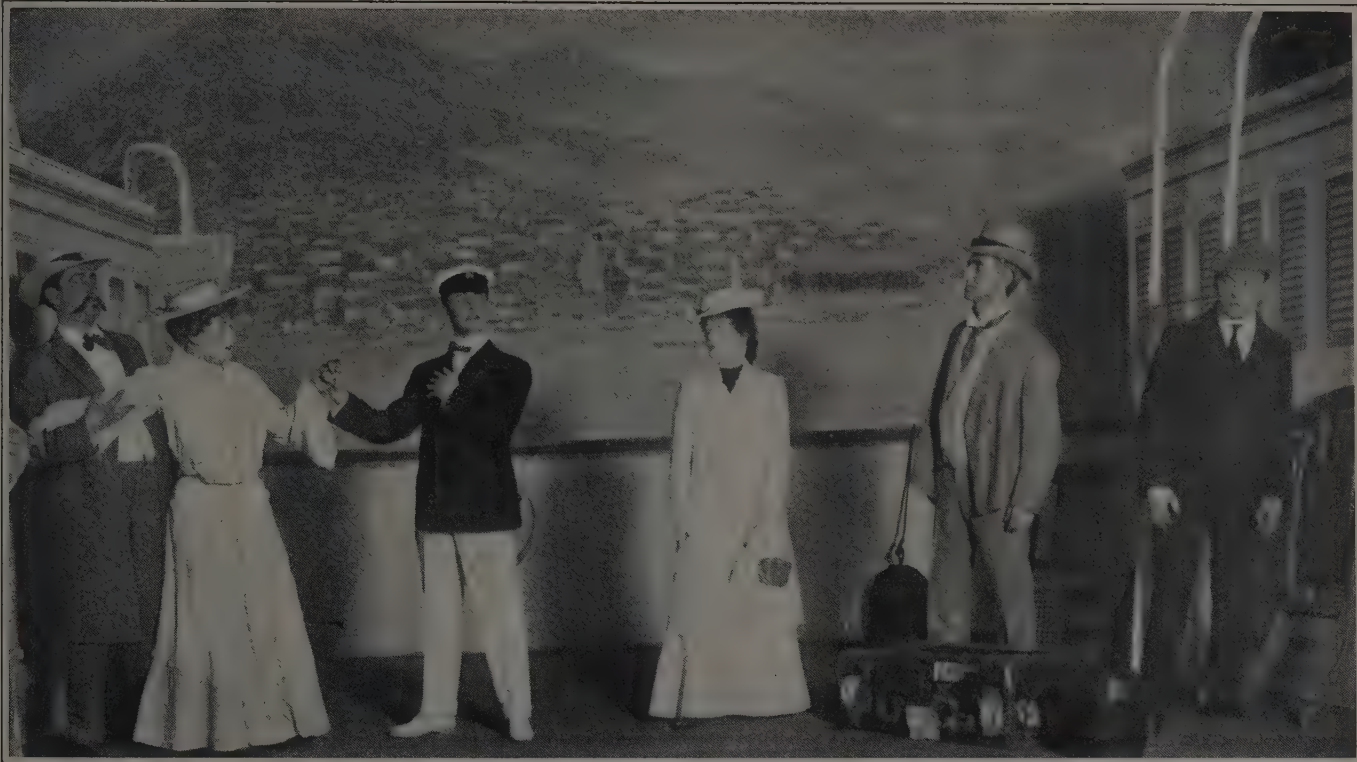
"The rewards are so rare, they so often fall to the undeserving that an actor's life would not be tolerable were it not that he has what the Roman Catholic church calls 'a vocation.'"

A mild humor quickly succeeded his sudden seriousness.



White MISS HELEN LACKAYE
Sister of Wilton Lackaye and lately seen in "The Virginian"

Scenes in Willie Collier's new play "The Dictator"



GEO. NASH

LUCILLE WATSON

WM. COLLIER

NANETTE COMSTOCK

THOS. McGRATH

EDWARD ABELES

Brooke Travers, fleeing from justice after committing a supposed crime, changes places with the American Consul and becomes dictator of a Central American Republic.

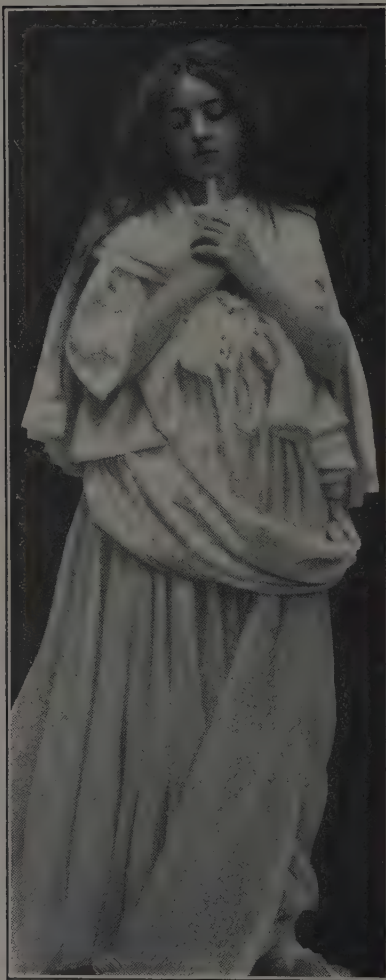


JOHN BARRYMORE

FULLER MELLISH

HARRY SENTON

Threatened by the President of the Republic, who is engaged in a little revolution, Travers sends out to sea over the wireless an appeal for an American warship, which arrives in time to effect a rescue.



Hall MISS ROSE TAPLEY
Playing an important rôle in "The Sign of the Cross"

that the incidental music may be in harmony with the piece. You know a manager actually interpolated an air from 'The Telephone Girl' to enliven the 'dullness' of Shakespeare. A man should know the classic drama. It will make him a better interpreter of the modern, even though he never has a more direct use for it. He should know German and French literature, to know the lights and shades of the national character. We might go on *ad infinitum*."

To a question about his methods of study, Mr. Lackaye responded with his invariable calm, "I don't study, but I read everything."

He thinks America would have better actors if it had a national school of acting.

"The National Art Theatre will probably have such a school as an adjunct. That would be a fine field of usefulness for a retired actor.

"Some actors think it *infra dig.* to teach," we said.

"They should not, when by doing so they are ennobling their own art. I should be proud to spend the last years of my life teaching acting in such a school. If our young actors are bad, it is because our schools of acting are bad."

It will be news to most people to hear that this vigorous actor suffers badly from stage fright.

"I never eat anything but soup the day of the opening," he

"True, as a critic reminded me, some mistake the 'still, small voice.' I find those who have mistaken it earning their living as traveling salesmen, as book agents, even as mechanics. But, as I told my friend, the critic, 'I have never found any of them writing dramatic criticisms.'"

"Why?" he asked.

"'Because,' I said, 'they know.'"

Mr. Lackaye believes that an actor, to know his art well, must know much besides that art.

"All human knowledge is more or less correlative with the drama," he said. "An actor should know much of art and sculpture, that there may be no jarring notes in the mounting of plays. He should know music for the delight of it, but since we are taking a utilitarian view, he should know it so

said. "It would be useless. When I make my entrance I am like a man in the worst stages of seasickness. This is 'the metropolis,'" he explained. "So much depends upon it. One stands on the dizzy edge of success or failure, as a blind man on a cliff, and doesn't know which way he will fall. He cannot know. Merit is one thing; public opinion quite another. They don't always travel together, not even tandem."

Although Wilton Lackaye was born in Virginia, there is a hint of remote Hiberianism in the startling contrast of his blue eyes and black hair, in his speech and in his sly and sudden wit.

"I was Irish several generations ago, and the best that is in me I trace to that."

A moment later he revealed a bit of the inheritance. The star invited the interviewer to go into the auditorium and watch the rehearsal. But he had reckoned without his watchman. That functionary was obdurate. He stood with his back against the stage door.

"Them's my orders, not to let no one in."

Up to then the actor had been jovial, cajoling, companionable. The watchman was firm. Then came a startling, blinding flash straight from the Green Isle.

"I'm here to give orders, not to take them!"

The watchman was brushed aside as lightly as though he had been a contentious fly.

It is not generally known that Wilton Lackaye is a poet. He has written a good deal of verse, and perhaps one of his best poetic efforts was his reply to Dr. Parkhurst, when that clerical reformer was making his crusade against vice in New York, entitled "A Ballade of Broadway." It was a bitter attack on the Phariseism that mercilessly stalks vice without regard to its cause.

Born in 1862, Mr. Lackaye graduated at the Georgetown University. His earliest ambition was to become a priest, but he deserted theology for law and Blackstone for the stage. His first opportunity in New York came when he played Robert le Diable. He was in Daly's company for a brief period; was a member of the Lyceum company, and then made the greatest success of his career as Svengali.

ADA PATTERSON.



MISS GRACE HENDERSON
Formerly a popular member of the Lyceum stock company, and seen recently in "The Girl with the Green Eyes"



Byron, N. Y.

The Remorse of Ajax

Greek Play acted by Greeks in New York

WHEN the old morality play, "Everyman," was first presented in New York, the theatre-going public marvelled at the leap backward into mediævalism. Recently, they have had to go farther back still, even four hundred odd years before Christ, when Sophocles held the stage. For "Ajax," one of the best-known of the tragedies by the Greek dramatist, was performed in New York by a cast drawn from the Greek colony, and real Greeks, recruited in the East Side Ghetto, spoke the classic lines in their own tongue.

The tragedy was presented last year in Chicago at Hull House, noted for its social settlement work, and there Mabel Hay Barrows—the leading spirit in this interesting revival—discovered one Georgios Metalas and one Demetrios Manusopoulou, who proved so striking in their respective rôles of Ajax and Teucer as to warrant their coming to New York. Miss Barrows therefore decided to give the play at Clinton

Hall in this city, but found herself obliged to train an entirely new company with the exception of her "stars." So she went among the Greek colony, and soon found a doctor, a candy-maker, a flower-vender, a lawyer—all local Greeks, having the artistic temperament and who were ambitious to speak the lines of their illustrious fellow-countryman.

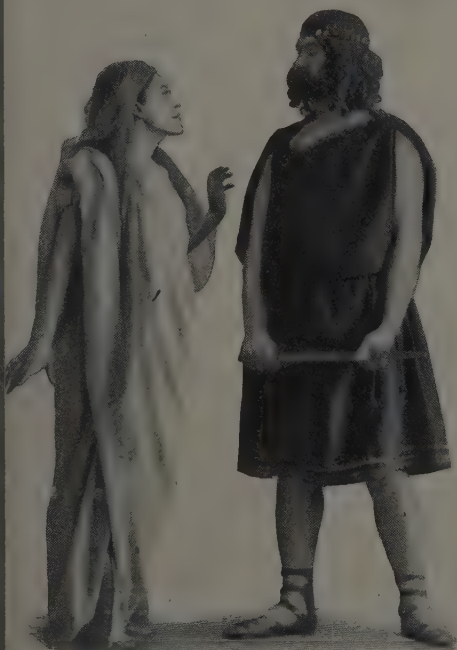
Miss Barrows' task of finding out how "Ajax" should be staged was not as easy as that of the Elizabethan Stage Society,

which relied upon preserved records to give atmosphere to "Everyman." She wisely adhered to traditional ideas in her Homeric, rather than Athenian costumes, and her mountings were concise rather than precise. A particularly interesting and novel feature was the chorus, that artificial Greek substitute for humanity. They chanted the words to clarinet music composed by Willys Peck Kent, and they danced with rhythm and grace. Bare arms and legs gave a realistic touch, and the swarthy Thespians wore the classic Greek costume as if born to it.

In "Ajax" is recognized the art of a master dramatist struggling against conventions, yet being limited by them. Sophocles was modern in that he is known as the first dramatist to have introduced more than two actors, and to have used painted scenery. His "Ajax" ignored the Greek tradition of hiding death from the audience, yet its passion is plastic and its chorus is still recitative and cold. The tragedy treats of the madness, remorse and suicide of the mighty warrior Ajax after his defeat by Odysseus; the war of words over the dead body by Teucer, Menelaos, and Agamemnon, and of his decent burial, through the good offices of his enemy and rival, Odysseus. The chorus of Salaminian sailors, comrades of Ajax, explain the action of the tragedy to the audience.

The title rôle was admirably acted by Georgios Metalas. A giant in physique, and gifted with a virile, passionate diction, his personality was most impressive. Miss Barrows, to whom must go the credit for the general excellence of the performance, was a statuesque and pathetic Tecmessa, the mistress of Ajax.

The efforts of the respective performers were greeted with enthusiastic applause, and there was no doubting the sincerity of the demonstration. There were few that had made the pilgrimage to Clinton Hall that had not expected to be frightfully bored, and the artistic manner in which the classic play was done, the artistic spirit which pervaded the whole performance, the atmosphere given the tragedy by a handful of unknown amateurs, and the really splendid acting of many of these amateurs themselves, moved all the spectators to unrestrained enthusiasm.



TECMESSA
(Miss Barrows)

AJAX
(Mr. Metalas)

All Star Revival of D'Ennery's



Photos by Hall

The two orphans, Henriette (Margaret Illington) and her blind sister, Louise (Grace George), arrive in Paris alone. Henriette is abducted by the profligate Marquis de Presles and the helpless Louise falls into the clutches of Mother Frochard, who forces her to beg. (2) Mother Frochard (Elita Proctor Otis) being cajoled by her good-for-nothing son (Charles Warner).



In the gardens of Marquis de Presles' château. Insulted by her abductor, Henriette makes an appeal to the men present to save her. The Chevalier de Vaudrey (Kylie Bellew) responds and fights a duel with the Marquis (Jameson Lee Finney).

Famous Melodrama "The Two Orphans"



Chevalier de Vaudrey visits Henriette in her attic and says he will marry her despite the opposition of his family.



Arrest of Henriette on a charge made by the family of the Chevalier.



The courtyard of the Salpêtrière hospital-prison. Departure of the condemned women. The Mother Superior (Clara Morris) tells the lie that saves Henriette from exile.



Rescue of the blind and helpless Louise from the den of the infamous Frochards. The fight between the cripple and his murderous brother.



Photos by Joseph Byron, N. Y.

Stage door-keeper at the Criterion Theatre, New York

Stage door-keeper at the Hudson Theatre, New York

PART II

THERE are two parts of a theatre with which the paying public is acquainted. One is the box-office and the other is the stage door. In all that multitude comprising what the manager politely terms as "patrons," there are none who have not lingered over the framed diagram to chat with the ticket-seller, just as there are none who at some period in their career have not waited in the shadows about the stage door to see in the flesh that individual who across the footlights either amused or thrilled. However, the purchasing public may know the box-office almost intimately, but their acquaintance with the stage door is only slight.

The conduct of a modern box-office was minutely described by the writer in the first series of these articles, as was the man who sells the tickets. His important duties and the serious work of his profession was pictured. But to him, as to that of any man who constantly deals with the public, there is a lighter side—the daily occurrences that bring to him amusing experiences.

The time-bedraggled legend, "Few die and none resign," probably originated in a New York box-office. While many a man who now owns a theatre found the first rung of the ladder in a box-office, it is an indisputable fact that no man ever resigns from the position of ticket-seller. There may be that strange fascination that lurks about the gentle art of having people hand you money, and there may be the glamor of the show business, but for some unaccountable reason, the man who sells tickets is always smiling.

Some people will say that box-office men are not polite and obliging, but this is not true. Any man who daily or nightly is in constant contact with the spending public has a hard task. The old circus ticket-seller who said

that "every hand that comes to the window is a hand against you," spoke broadly, but also truthfully in some regard. There are a number of people who believe that every man who tries to sell them something is trying to get the best of the bargain, and of this class the box-office man meets a great multitude. His patience is everlastingly tried, and a cruel instance of it is the man who, halting a long line of prospective purchasers, wrangles over seat locations and, after picking out the best, presents—a pass.

Unfortunately for men who sell seats, constructors of buildings sometimes find it necessary to support balconies of steel and masonry with pillars of steel. These posts being immovable, are always a contention. Somebody is bound to get a seat behind one. It is told of a ticket-seller at a Broadway theatre that he had suffered long with complaints of this nature. His work always kept him downstairs, but toward the close of the season he made a survey of the house, and for the first time saw the post. Walking up to it he laid his hand on the iron pillar and remarked: "I'm very glad to get a look at you. So many people have spoken to me about you." Then there is the old lady who insists on blocking the window while she makes up her mind what she wants.

Of all the people who purchase tickets, the one the box-office man most dislikes is the individual who asserts he is deaf or near-sighted. He may be either one or both, but he is never believed. It is said that from the earliest days tickets were sold, this remark came into popular usage as a mode of getting good seats. Now, it only causes a smile. There is not a ticket-seller but will tell you that he has at some time had a man tell him he was near-sighted, and a little later he has seen the same man sitting in Row A turn and graciously ac-



Byron

The Casino, one of the most famous stage doors in New York

knowledge the smile and salute of some one else 16 rows to the back. And many a man who said he was deaf, and on this pretended affliction has secured a seat in the first row, has returned to the box-office and demanded an exchange of seats on the plea that the drums annoyed him. Then there is that almost innumerable host that will sit nowhere else but in the aisle.

In the days that are gone, before the show business was the big part of the commercial world that it is to-day, the box-office was as full of tricks as a magician's trunk. It was sometimes the purpose of this sharp practice to gain more than the theatre's share at the expense of the visiting attraction by little schemes that deceived the best. The story is told of a theatre, notorious for its scheme to defraud, that the doorkeeper had near his ticket-office a chute leading to the box-office. When admission tickets were handed him by the purchaser he would drop some in his box, but more down the chute, and these going back to the man at the window would be sold over and over again. The final count showed that the number of tickets was correct, but by means of the chute the ticket-seller and the doorkeeper were conducting an almost endless chain of profit.

But in the latter day of business organization, with business-like methods, these "games" have gone, and the house that practiced them on an attraction would soon be omitted by the manager booking a route for his attraction.

There is a traditional story among box-office men that a woman called on a ticket-seller one day with this plaint:

"I bought two reserved seats for the Saturday matinee and left the tickets on my dresser. My baby picked them up, put them in his mouth and swallowed them. What am I to do?"

The ticket-seller scratched his head, and then rendered this Solomon-like decision:

"Just bring the baby with you, madame. It's good for two admissions."

The stage door! It leads to that mystic realm of light and tinsel, ever fascinating, never understood, intoxicatingly inter-



Byron

STAGE DOOR OF DALY'S THEATRE, NEW YORK

This historic stage door is the last of the "private house stage doors," so called from the fact that the rear of the theatre was once a private residence and for economical reasons had not been altered.

esting, and always sought-after region by people who will never know "behind the scenes." To the uninitiated it is all mystery, to those initiated it is three dull brick walls, a mass of scenes, a tier of dressing rooms, a place of endless work, performances, rehearsals, realization of long-sought-for ambitions, bright days, dark hours, heart-aches, fleeting joys, success and failures—all in the life of the actor—the behind the scenes of a playhouse.

Not many weeks ago, the highest authorities of the Russian Navy sat behind closed doors in St. Petersburg and struggled with a weighty problem. It was the cruise through ice-bound seas and eternally frozen channels for the Baltic fleet to leave the aurora-colored waters of the Arctic circle and reach the warm seas that skirt the flowery land of the Mikado. The feat was declared impossible. And yet, in comparison with a stranger endeavoring to pass a stage door unauthorized, this strategic move of the Czar's great north fleet is but the play of children. The man who tends the stage door at a theatre may be old and decrepit, but he has lodged in every active faculty of his antiquated being one fixed understanding, and that is that no one shall pass the door he guards. Often so rigid is the conscientious Cerebus, that he been known to conscientiously refuse admission to the stage to the man who owned the theatre, through the fact that he knew him not by face, but only by his name, printed upon the top sheet of the pay-roll.

In the well-conducted theatre of to-day it is the rule that only those whose business brings them there shall be admitted. Other rules may be broken, but this one stands inviolate. The stage manager is supreme here. Even the manager of the theatre bows to his rule in regard to the conduct of that part of the theatre back of the curtain. The players come there to play their parts; there must be no interference, no introduction of matters that would divert attention, or the presence of persons who would detract attention from the performance. The players' first duty, "when the lights are up," is to the audience. Therefore, the stage



An actor signing an autograph for the door-keeper at Wallack's

door is guarded with a strictness far more severe than that known to a sentry in a court-martialed community. There are no passwords.

It has come to be the custom that the stage doorkeeper is an old man. He is generally an old man with a history. He is either despondent over some melancholy fact that if the tide had turned another way he might have been a successful manager, or he is full of reminiscences of the old days of which he loves to talk. Day and night throughout the season he guards his post, knowing and admitting through his door only the members of the company and those other persons he is absolutely sure have a right to enter there. He is generally silent and has no argument. If you are not entitled to admission, there are no words—he simply shuts the door in one's face.

Stage doorkeepers are quick to learn the faces of the members of a company playing at the theatre where they guard the entrance to the stage. The star is treated with the greatest courtesy—door held open and frequently hat in hand. It is a traditional perquisite for the stage doorkeeper to receive a generous gift from this exalted personage on the last night of the engagement, and there is no stage doorkeeper who does not begin to pave the way for it from the time of the first arrival of the star to the last night of the week, or the run, as the case may be.

Few players ever omit this gift to the man who guards the door. It is he who receives the mail and hands it to them as they enter, just as it is he who receives the flowers and sends them up to the dressing-room, when a remembrance from a friend is most cheering at a critical moment before a first-night audience. It is he, too, who keeps back that onslaught of youthful admirers who linger about the stage door for she who seems so beautiful in the limelight's glare, so radiant 'neath the touch of rouge and penciled cosmetic. A hundred cabs may line up before his door, and a great multitude of genus Johnny, crush hat and evening suit, adorn the pavement

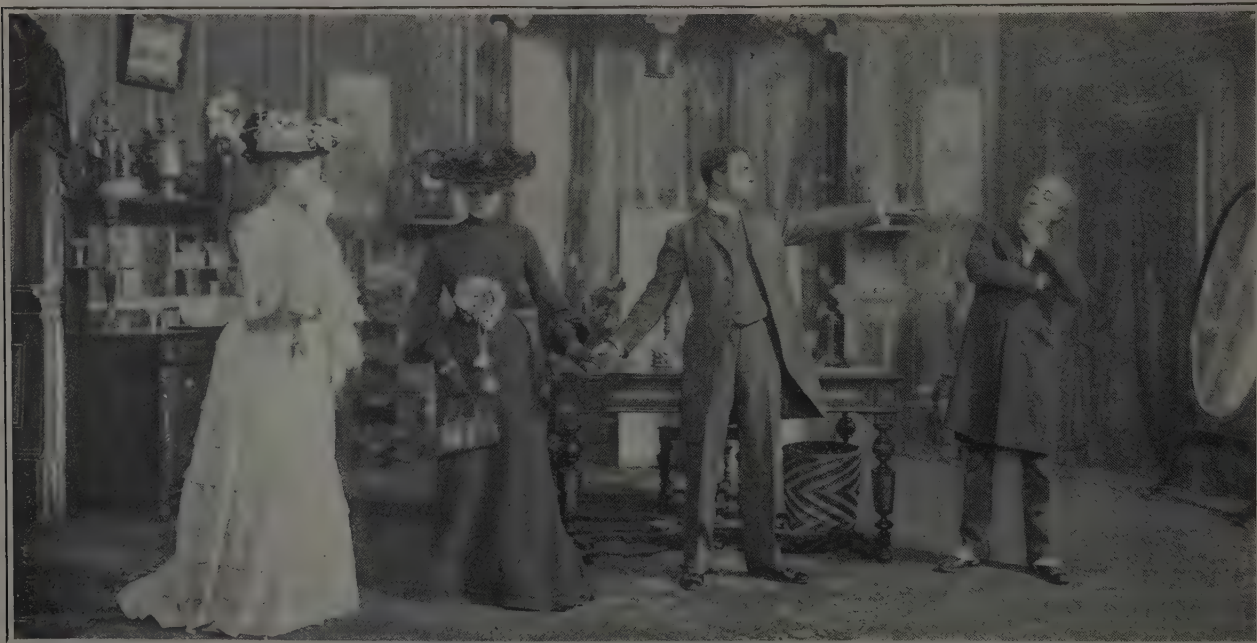
side, but he is as immovable as the hills, as impassable as the mine-sunken straits or torpedoed entrance to the harbor of a besieged and beleaguered citadel.

If his theatre is playing some attraction where a large feature of the performance is a chorus, whose collective beauty exhausts the adjectives of the press agent, the stage doorkeeper's nights of guarding are a troubled sea. He is attacked and beset by every form of ingenuity to reach the inner portals by him who would take her to dine where lobsters are high-priced, where wine flows and bands play—that land of separation where fools and money part. And this recalls an incident.

Not many seasons ago, a youth, captivated by the charms of some fair coryphee, reached the city to pay her his attentions. When he arrived at the theatre the performance had started, and he could not wait to inform her of his arrival. He asked the stage doorkeeper to hand her a note, but he refused. He offered money, and liberally, but still the man consented not. Finally he grew desperate, and with this came the ingenuity of his soul. Going to a nearby druggist he bought a small bottle of some harmless drug, and had it properly labelled and wrapped. When outside the store, he poured the contents from the bottle and placed inside the missive to his inamorata. Then he neatly rewrapped it with the druggist's name outside, and by a district messenger sent it to the stage door. The doorkeeper, seeing the label, at once realized the importance of quick delivery for medicine, and had it handed to the young lady immediately.

In the last few seasons, with its building of new theatres, an innovation has been made in stage doorkeepers. Instead of the old man who sat nodding and napping at the stage door, the new theatre has in some instances completely transformed the stage door and made it as up-to-date a place as the modern box-office. The old doorkeeper has been replaced by a dapper young man in uniform, who has a box to sit in, with all the appliances of an office—telephone, desk, etc., etc.

(To be continued.) WELLS HAWKS.



Hall

NETTIE BLACK

MARION BARNEY

WILFRED LUCAS

CHAS. W. KING

PERCY: "This trusting girl from Rochester has appealed to me for protection."

SCENE IN "THE SUPERSTITION OF SUE" AT THE SAVOY



From a Drawing by Pal

"Immediately we left the train, there was a race to the hotel."

Confessions of a Stage Struck Girl

The theatrical life truthfully described by Julia Wemple, a debutante

PART II*



JULIA WEMPLE

THE members of the company scattered through the car, selecting what seats each fancied most. Mrs. Cranz monopolized an entire section for her own use, and presently a huge brakeman came up and informed her that it was against the rules.

"We have more tickets than we have people," she retorted, "and I intend to keep it." Mr. Cranz supported her, explaining to the puzzled brakeman that the company had to buy twenty-five tickets in order to secure a baggage-car, and yet we had only eighteen people.

The brakeman retreated baffled. Mr. Cranz piled all his things into the seat, went into the smoker and stayed there until the end of the journey. Mrs. Cranz meditated piously until she fell asleep.

Most of the other men had already gone into the smoking car, where they played poker all day.

In our car, Miss Darrell, the leading lady, who was the youngest person of any age I have ever seen, knelt up on the seat and said cute little things to every one. The part Miss Darrell took in our play required a very young and sweet girl, and she continued in this manner off the stage. Her face was not so young as her manner, her clothes, and the way she arranged her hair. This hair was ash blonde in color, naturally curly, and she had quantities of it, wearing it hanging in thick curls down her back with two curls tied at the top of her head with a ribbon, just like a child. She had a confiding way with her, and always nestled against some one, or curled up in chairs. Altogether, she suggested the character of Dora, in "David Copperfield," and her remarkable juvenility made me feel very old.

Miss Fay, who had come to the station with two gentlemen, looked terribly tired and cross. She put her satchel under the arm of the seat, threw her coat over it, and with this improvised pillow was soon asleep. Nearly every one who passed up or down the aisle of the car brushed against the top of her head, but she slept serenely on. Miss Darrell looked at her with her youngest smile, then turned her childlike eyes to Rachel, who simply gazed back.

Everybody was very much annoyed because the management had taken the company so far from New York that they were unable to obtain the New York papers the first thing Sunday morning, that is, everybody except Rachel and my blonde "son." He was seated directly behind me, reading "Your Forces and How to Use Them." Rachel was several seats further down the car, also reading. I was too excited to either sleep or read.

When the conductor came round for my ticket, my blonde son (whose name was Herbert Heartwell) leaned forward and said merely: "Company."

I felt as if everybody in the car was staring at me. As Mr. Heartwell had unbent a little, I plucked up courage to speak to him about a matter which had been worrying me ever since I had been acting with him.

"Mr. Heartwell, may I ask you something?"

"Certainly," he answered, politely closing his book.

"Why is it that you never look at me during our scenes together?"

"You won't be offended if I tell you?" he asked, smiling.

"No; really, I won't."

"Well, I simply can't look at you and address you as 'Mother.' It's so absurd, I'm afraid I'll laugh."

"I find it so disconcerting if you don't look at me," I said, only half satisfied with the explanation.

"You might find it more so if I did look at you," he laughed.

Mr. Darcy, who had taken a seat in the aristocratic Pullman, passed through the car, and, seeing me talking to Mr. Heartwell, stopped and said:

"You seem to be enjoying yourself. I'm glad to see you've made a friend of Heartwell; he's a fine chap. Miss Milford's all right, too, but the rest of them are a pack of scorpions."

His face darkened and he went on. I looked at Mr. Heartwell. He reluctantly explained:

"Mr. Darcy is a strict disciplinarian. Many of the people didn't understand him, and objected to his methods. They distorted many things he said and did, and sent a general complaint to Mr. Turner, our manager. Mr. Turner is the one person who had faith enough in Darcy and his play to back the venture, so when Darcy heard of these letters he felt they were simply cutting the ground from beneath his feet, and he is very bitter."

Having delivered himself of this information, he again buried himself in his book. We stopped for lunch at some station. No one paid any attention to any one else. Everybody jostled and pushed and called out their orders to the tired-looking waitresses behind the counter. Soon I was clamoring with the rest, and managed to obtain a sandwich and a cup of tea. Our little comedian, with his mouth full of baked beans, called out:

"Miss Wemple, would you like a sinker?"

He passed me a glass dish full of soggy-looking doughnuts, but I felt too hurried to try more than a sandwich. I never bolted food so fast in my life, and I nearly scalded my throat gulping down the hot tea. And, after all, we had several minutes to spare; but I was so

* For the opening chapter, see THE THEATRE MAGAZINE for April.



Otto Sarony Co.

MISS EDNA BRONSON

Playing Alice Nielsen's rôle in "The Fortune Teller"

"You must always read the call," admonished Rachel.

"Certainly, but where is this call to be found?"

"On the call board."

"What sort of a thing is it?"

"It's a piece of paper, with Mr. Cranz's writing on telling the company when they leave one town, by which railroad, and the hour they arrive at their destination; also a list of the hotels in the towns and their various prices." Rachel said all this as if repeating a lesson.

"I think it's very nice of Mr. Cranz to do that for the company," I said, innocently.

"Yes, isn't it?" answered Rachel, gaily. "And without extra charge too. But, then, as that's about the only thing he does do for them, and as that is done by every manager for the company, you needn't give him a loving cup out of gratitude."

I did not answer, feeling rather ashamed of my ignorance. Rachel laughed.

"Well, never mind; you'll learn," she said. "You might as well come to the hotels with me until you get used to things and can decide for yourself what you want to do."

The brakeman called "All aboard!" We re-entered the car, and Rachel resumed her book; but getting out for lunch and the little chat with Rachel had made a pleasant break in the journey.

We reached the town in which we were to play about five o'clock in the afternoon. Rachel always went to the medium-priced hotels. She said there was no sense squandering all your money on hotels in the winter time and being broke all summer. Nearly everybody in the company seemed to think the same, for the minute we left the car a general race took place.

Rachel explained that at the smaller hotels accommodations were limited. It was a case of "first come, first served." Whoever reached the hotel first and registered was assigned to the best room.

"I never hurry," said Rachel, "and I always fare pretty well. But it's fun to watch the others. I always select some one to bet on, then if they don't win I feel quite hurt. But do look at Cranz sprinting for first place."

I looked. The fat little manager was puffing away, trying to overtake and outdistance some of the younger men. I could not help laughing outright.

"He'll get an awful blowing up," said Rachel, "if he doesn't get her a good front room, with hot and cold water, electric lights, bath, rockers, steam heat and plenty of sun, all for one dollar and twenty-five cents per day!"

Sure enough, when we reached the hotel, I found Mr. Cranz positively reclining on the register, so that no one else stood any chance of getting near it until he had finished, and saying in his fat voice: "I am the manager of the company, and I would like a nice, large, front room, with steam heat and plenty of sun."

One of the men murmured to me:

afraid the train would go without me, that I was already hurrying back to the car, when Rachel stopped me.

"Let's walk up and down and get a mouthful of fresh air," she said. "I hate those hot cars, and we have three or four hours more on that one."

While we strolled up and down the platform, Rachel asked:

"To which hotel are you going in the next town?"

"I don't know. I don't know anything about hotels," I answered, ingenuously.

"Didn't you read the call?"

"Call? No. What call?"

"If his position as manager is so important, why doesn't he uphold his dignity by going to the best hotels?"

"Maybe," I answered, "he can't afford it. They have so many children in the convent, you know."

My interlocutor gave me an approving look.

"You'll do," he said, and Rachel clapped her hands with delight.

"This precedence business makes me tired," said Miss Fay, sulkily. "It's all right in the theatre, but in hotels, the property man's money is every bit as good as the leading man's."

Miss Darrell gave Mr. Cranz a playful push and said, coaxingly, "Move over, Papa Cranz; little me wants a room, too. Miss Fay also crowded forward, saying impatiently, "I want a room, too. Please hurry; I'm just dying for some sleep."

The clerk paid no attention to any of them, but just pushed the register from one person to another, pulled out a sliding drawer full of little pasteboard slips, which he studied indifferently; then, without undue hurry, wrote figures after each name and, never glancing at any one's face, dealt out keys to each one, just as a man would deal cards. Then he carelessly rang a bell and languidly ordered the boy to show the people to their rooms.

Rachel and I had connecting rooms. It would have been cheaper to room together, but Rachel said it did not do to become too intimate. After supper, Rachel called me into her room to visit, or, as she put it, to have a "roasting party." She had made herself comfortable in a reddish-brown kimona-like gown, and taken the pins out of her hair, which was straight and black. Her figure was straight, as were her features, and I saw now why she was called "Indian."

After my late humiliation about the "call," I was afraid to ask any questions. Still I was dying to know what "a roasting party" was, so, trembling, I asked what it meant.

"Well, I don't mean to really 'roast,'" she answered, "but just 'talk over' the different people in the company. What do you think of us so far?"

She eyed me curiously, awaiting my verdict.

"I hardly know," I replied. "You see, it's all so new and so strange—then I've been so absorbed in being able to play, and delighted by Aunt Nan actually letting me go away, that I feel as if I'm in a sort of happy dream. I only know that I like you and Mr. Darcy."

"The fact that you like me argues that your intuitions are exceedingly acute," she said.

"Really?" I exclaimed.

Rachel looked at me crossly. "I'm afraid you have no sense of humor," she said in despair. "Do, do have a sense of humor. I couldn't stand you if you didn't; it's the only thing makes life possible."

Rachel became suddenly very tragic. I felt terribly uncomfortable, but I thought it best to be truthful.

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I don't believe I have a sense of humor. I never laugh at nor see anything funny in the comic papers."

Rachel's face cleared. "There's hope then. By the way, how does Mr.



Falk MISS NORA LAMSON

Recently seen in "Pretty Peggy" and formerly leading woman with Richard Mansfield

Heartwell strike you?" I had suspected she admired my "son."
 "He seems very indifferent," I answered.

"That isn't indifference; that's poise," explained Rachel.

"Oh!"

"All that manner is cultivated. He is a very self-contained, well-educated man. What was he saying to you to-day?"

I repeated the conversation.

"It's a wonder he'd repeat even that much; he loathes gossip. Poor Darcy! he's been shamefully ill-used, by fate and people generally. I like his pluck and endurance. You know, he comes from a good family in Ireland, but they were poor, so when he graduated in Dublin, he came to this country to try journalism. He didn't get along, so he actually went to work as a day laborer. Last season in New York, after he made his hit in this play, he was being entertained at some club, and they began talking of the beauties of the home of one of the men, when Darcy said, 'Yes, I know; I helped to dig the cellar.'"

"You seem to know Mr. Heartwell very well," I said.

"I knew him at home," replied Rachel. "We're from the same town, studied with the same teacher. Do you know he's the only man I've never been able to make fall in love with me."

"Have you tried?"

"Umph! Do you suppose I'd admit it if I had?"

If I had been accustomed to having intuitions or impressions, I'm sure that one of them would have been that Mr. Heartwell did not like Rachel.

"What do you think of Fannie Darrell?" she asked.

"She seems very young," I said.

"Yes, doesn't she?" said Rachel, and by a quick change of expression she quickly assumed Miss Darrell's personality, and at the same time conveyed to me the fact that Miss Darrell's "youngeeness" was not genuine. I laughed, and Rachel continued:

"If she was any younger, she couldn't travel without a nurse!"

"I didn't know Miss Fay had friends in Landsville," I said.

Rachel looked as if she was going to say something, then changed her mind, merely saying:

"Miss Fay has a large circle of acquaintances; indeed, there is scarcely a town where we play more than one day that she doesn't find some one she knows—mostly gentlemen."

"How nice for her."

"Isn't it?" Rachel rocked with mirth, which I felt I ought to join in, but did not.

This was the beginning of many talks, for Miss Mortimer did not get better and I kept right on with the company.

What at first had seemed like a dream and a fairy-tale soon resolved itself into an almost business-like routine, and what I had always heard talked of as a most irregular life soon seemed as regular as anything else. Our hours were different, but every day it was the same thing. Trains in the morning, walks and sleep in the afternoon, and the performance at night. Rachel and I usually finished the day with a sandwich and a glass of milk—that is, when Rachel did not have one of her aloof moods on. Sometimes she seemed very unhappy. She had a theory about everything, and talked a lot about "temperament." She said a woman without temperament could

never be a good actress. Sometimes I think it was trying to be "temperamental" which made her so unhappy. She was really as badly stage-struck as I was, only, in her own case, she called it being "very ambitious."

If hard work counts in the theatrical career, she ought to succeed. She took long walks, did breathing exercises for voice production, Swedish movements—anything and everything which she thought would develop her either mentally or physically. Then she was always weighing and dissecting herself and everybody else. She said everybody posed.

"How do you know?"

"Because I study everybody with whom I come in contact. If you study and analyze people," she added, "it will help you in your acting."

I blindly copied all she did, so I resolved to study character. I thought I would begin with Rachel.

"But, Rachel," I protested, "ought one to study too closely people one loves? Won't that lead to criticism?"

"You're an idiot, Judy." (Long before this, Rachel had decided that Julia was too long for everyday use, so I degenerated into Judy.) "Your mental development comes before your affections."

Wonder kept me silent.

"Do I pose, Rachel?"

"I haven't just decided. You're almost too naive to be real."

"I didn't know I was naive, so I guess it's real. What is your pose?" I asked.

"We never know our own foibles. What do you think?"

"Trying to be original," I said, decidedly.

"Trying?" Rachel seemed displeased with my first attempts at character studying.

"Suppose you should make a mistake in your character analysis, what then?"

"Trust to your intuitions."

"But I thought your intuitions came first."

"Now, you're becoming logical, and a logical woman is a mistake."

My analysis of Rachel led me to think she was rather inconsistent.

On the long train trips we read, and, thanks be to goodness, I can nearly always sleep on the cars. We usually had Sunday nights to ourselves, and these we devoted religiously to playing the game called "Consequences." The energy and concentration we spent on this game was worthy a nobler cause. We'd each seize paper and pencil and with wide eyes gaze into space—then scribble madly. Sometimes the results were startling.

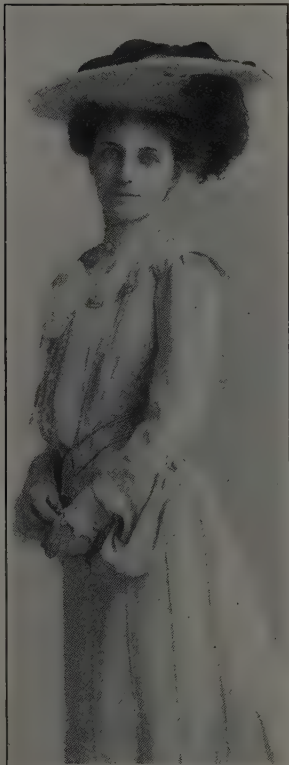
We had a quartette with us who might have beguiled the tedium with song, but they were the only members of the cast who never by any possible chance sang a note beyond their music in the play. All the rest of us tried to drown our sorrow in song, and were much given to "The Belle of New York" and various coon songs.

In most of the theatres the partitions dividing the dressing rooms do not extend to the ceiling. This facilitates conversation, so one of the ladies would warble forth, "When we are married." A masculine voice down the hall would query, "Why, what will you do?" Then the whole female contingent would touchingly promise, "I'll be as sweet as I can be to you." But these offers of devotion were never



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accepted. Our contralto and basso were man and wife, and had the dearest baby two and a half years old. They were English people, and were to return home in the Spring, so, as a pleasant surprise for his English grandparents, the men members of the company devoted themselves to teaching this lisping infant all the latest and most advanced American slang, which he used most unexpectedly. One day we were about to get into a crowded car, when the conductor waved us aside, saying, "Go way back," and the baby yelled lustily after us, "And sit down." Another time he was talking of going to England, when somebody asked, "Where is England?" and baby answered, "Oh, back of New York." This wonderful baby was always a source of amusement and entertainment for us.

The boy who played the leading juvenile part was always hungry, and we used to make fun of him. At first we didn't know what was the matter with him, and when he'd come to the stations in the grey dawn and stand leaning on his umbrella with an expression of settled gloom on his face, Rachel and I would hold a consultation as to what dire calamity could possibly have overtaken him. Rachel said: "That boy has had a tragedy in his life." I suggested maybe he'd had a "heart failure," which was our term for an unfortunate love affair. We were quite harrowed about him until I grew to know him better. When one morning after we had been particularly distressed by his seeming unhappiness, I said, "Girls, I'm going to ask him." So I approached gently, the girls trailing softly up behind me, and in the most sympathetic tones I could muster I asked, "Archie, what is the matter?" He recalled himself from the beyond, looked gloomily at me and answered impressively, "My God, Judy, I'm hungry." Roars from the three little maids in the background who were waiting breathlessly for a solution of his misery. He told us afterward that he came near throwing up his part because he has to say in the third act, "I don't want any supper, mother."

We had one gentleman in the company who ordinarily was the mildest man, but whom early rising seriously disturbed, and he beguiled the time by mentally killing the management and the advance man, and boiling in oil all the railroad officials; and the man who laid out the route. This cheered us all wonderfully. We arrived in one town at 8:30 A. M. We went to a little hotel and fell into bed, where we slept until 12 o'clock, when we had to get up, as we opened with a matinee. When we finished the night performance the curtain had gone down on the last act three times in twenty-four hours. We were to have left that town at seven something, but thanks be to heaven, just as we were half dressed, the landlord knocked on the door and announced that there was some obstruction on the road, and the train was five hours late. Back to bed we went with joy unspeakable. We were called later and found the train had managed to lose two hours more.

Then suddenly all these chats, adventures and studies came to an end. Mr. Cranz and Mr. Darcy had some unpleasantness—about money matters, I believe. Cranz wrote his version into the office, and Darcy wrote his. It was Lent, and business had been poor, so suddenly a notice was posted, saying we would close in two weeks. Everybody was awfully blue. Before the notice was posted, you would have thought, to hear the people talk, that the one aim of their lives was to get out of their engagement and back to New York. Now they reviled the management for daring to close so early.

Rachel was terribly discouraged. She had not joined the company until December. She was not well known, so her salary was not large, and as she played an adventuress, she had to have expensive clothes.

As for me, well! when we got home I took advantage of my reputation for ingenuousness to indulge in a good cry. It did seem too mean, just to get started, then have it all end and have to go home. Rachel glowered at me.

"Don't be a pump," she said. "What have you got to cry about? You should be thankful you have a home to go to."

"But I'm not," I wailed.

"Look at me," she said. "If I don't work, I'll starve."

"I'd rather starve than not act."

"Well, come and try it."

"What do you mean?" I asked, looking up through my tears.

"Starving, or, rather, looking for an engagement."

I could only look at her and weep.

"Come to New York with me," she went on. "We'll take a cheap flat



MISS MARGARET PITT

Daughter of the late Harry Pitt, and now playing the part of Iras in "Ben Hur".

somewhere and live on what money we've saved until one of us gets an engagement. If I go to work first, I'll send you money until you get something, and when you get an engagement you can pay me back, or if you are fixed first, you can help me."

"Oh, Rachel!" I exclaimed, delighted.

"Why not? I know all the ropes, and I'll post you; only you'll have to hustle hard."

"Hustle! Won't I?"

The next two weeks we did nothing but plan about my going to New York. I had been getting thirty dollars a week. Out of that I had saved about fifteen dollars a week, and I had been playing eight weeks altogether. I had sent Aunt Nan some money. Of course, I should have my last week's salary clear. Altogether I should have about one hundred and fifteen dollars. Surely another engagement would be found before that was all gone.

No one was sorry when we closed. Mr. Darcy told me if there was anything he could do for me to let him know. He was very uncertain about his own plans, but if his new play went on next season, there was a part he would like me to have. That was something to look forward to. Mr. Heartwell was very nice. He said he hoped I had found him a dutiful son, and he would always be glad to see his mother.

Mrs. Cranz thought I was very foolish to enter a profession already so overcrowded, but as I was determined, she said she would pray for me, which made me feel very comfortable. Rachel said with influence like that I ought to obtain an engagement at once.

So, with a heart full of hope and courage, I arrived in New York to seek another engagement. What befell me in the great metropolis must be left to another chapter.

(To be continued.)

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ARTICLES—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration special articles on dramatic or musical topics, short stories dealing with life on the stage, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc. etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions not found to be available.

PHOTOGRAPHS—All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by photographs. The Publishers invite artists to submit their photographs for reproduction in THE THEATRE. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender, and if in character with that of the character represented

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IN THE VAUDEVILLE WORLD

THE vaudeville houses have presented bills more or less attractive during the last month, and each theatre devoted to this kind of entertainment has been well patronized. At Hammerstein's we have seen the Russell Brothers in their specialty, Wormwood's dogs and monkeys, Sherman and De Forest in their amusing burlesque military act, Bert Howard's trick piano playing, the Hoosier Zouaves, and a new series of excellent vitagraph views, showing a train hold-up in the West.

At Proctor's 23d Street house, the Tannehill Comedy Company recently presented a sketch called "Making an Actress." The characters are an army officer, his niece and a young actor. The girl is determined to go on the stage, and her uncle is determined that she shall not, as she has no talent. The young actor comes to the house to rehearse scenes from "The Lady of Lyons," and the uncle promises him \$1,000 if he will discourage the girl. The rehearsal progresses, and the uncle keeps on handing money to the actor, who becomes ashamed after he has received \$300, and the girl is informed of the plot. The old man discovers that the actor is a son of an old chum of his, and he hands his niece over to him. It is understood that the youth will give up acting and settle down to enjoy the uncle's money.

At Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre we have seen Clyde Fitch's play, "April Weather," with a cast which included Malcolm Williams, Lotta Linthicum, Gerald Griffin, George Bryant, John Westley, Frederick Powers, Albert Roberts, Leo Hawley, Beatrice Morgan, George Ober, Margaret Kirker, Jennie Turner, and Richard Roy; Johnson and Wells in their entertaining singing and dancing specialty. Leonard and Collins, the Bachelor Club Quartette, Carmen Sisters, Brooke Eltrym, Carlos's dogs, Green and Wiggins, and the kalatechnoscope, have also been among the attractions.

At the Circle Theatre, the Great Lafayette has been amusing audiences, and Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Drew were seen in a comedy sketch, entitled "When Two Hearts are Won." The Manila Quartette, May Evans, the whistling mimic, and Brown and Nevarro in their character changes, also proved popular. The best feature of the programme was decidedly the Piccolo Midgets, four clever Liliputians who engage in a burlesque boxing contest.

Recent bills at Keith's Union Square Theatre include George E. Austin, comedy wire act, C. W. Littlefield, the mimic, and the La Jess's, contortionists.

At Proctor's 125th Street house, "Audrey" is the bill, with the original scenery and costumes. The other attractions include Swan and Bambard, Chester Blodgett Johnson, Marie Brackmann, Mark-ey and Moran, and the kalatechnoscope.

Tony Pastor, pioneer in refined vaudeville, presents excellent programmes, and a visit to his little theatre in 14th Street well repays the trouble. Recent attractions at this house have been: Charles H. Burke, Grace La Ruse, and the Inkey Boys, Madge Fox, Ten Brooke, Lambert and Ten Brooke, the Nelson-Farnum Troupe.



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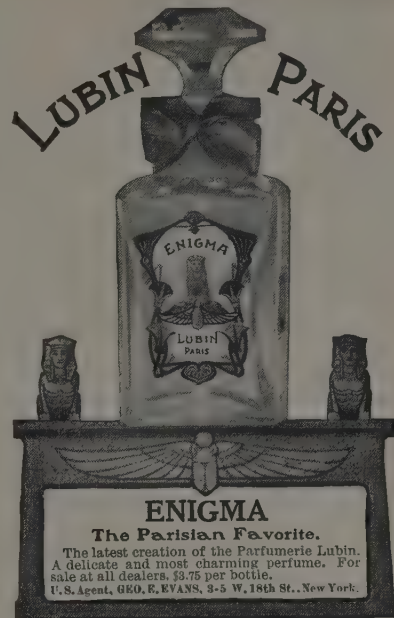


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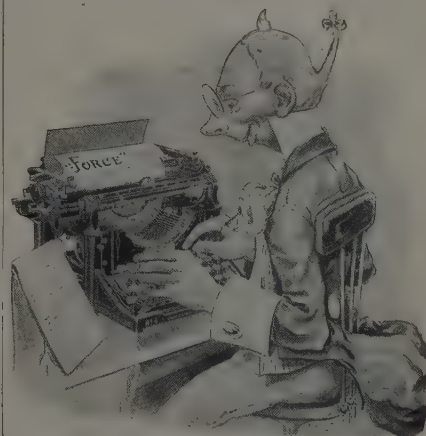
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QUERIES ANSWERED

The Editor will be pleased to answer in this department all reasonable questions asked by our readers. Irrelevant and personal questions, such as those relating to actors or singers as private individuals, their age, whether they are married or single, etc., etc., will be ignored.

N. WATROUS, New Haven, Conn.—Write to Samuel French & Sons, No. 22 West 22nd St., New York.

H. L. HONDETT, Boston, Mass.—The cost of booking a company depends entirely upon the reputation of the company. The charge is from \$300 to \$600.

A. S., Nashville.—Wm. Farnum played in various stock companies as leading man before he joined "Ben Hur."

JULIA WRIGHT McCORMICK, Ithaca, N. Y.—Biographies of Mme. Modjeska have appeared at various times. She is out West at present.

LOUIS WEISBERG, San Juan.—Samuel French & Sons, 22 West 22nd St., has the book on sale.

G. V. L.—Alexander Von Mitzel is still with Blanche Walsh, who at present is in the Northwest. A letter care of Wagenhals & Kemper, Broadway Theatre, N. Y., will reach him.

BABA, South Bend, Ind.—The addresses you ask for are as follows: Wm. A. Brady, 1193 Broadway; Liebler & Co., Knickerbocker Theatre Building; C. B. Dillingham, Knickerbocker Theatre Building; Wagenhals & Kemper, Broadway Theatre Building; Mrs. Spooner, Park Theatre, Brooklyn; Kirke La Shelle, Knickerbocker Theatre Building, New York.

E. E. K.—(1) Lulu Glaser has been ill in this city for the past fortnight. (2) Read "Confessions of a Stage-Struck Girl," which began in this magazine for April. (3) Anna Held is not playing anywhere now, having closed her season. (4) Julia Marlowe's real name is Frost. (5) No actress would send you her picture unless you were well acquainted with her.

GERTRUDE PEASE, Providence.—(1) Pronounced "Bis-fam." (2) Julia Marlowe is out West. (3) Olga Nethersole is in London.

LULU YOUNG.—Mabelle Gillman is expected to return to this country shortly and will produce "Lady Teazle," a musical play.

Miss E. V. EHINGER, St. Louis.—A letter will always reach the lady addressed care of Liebler Bros., Knickerbocker Theatre Building, New York.

D. R. A., Connecticut.—The company Miss Zetta Kennedy was with this season closed about two months ago. We cannot locate her at present.

M. J. B.—(1) Lucille Flaven took the part of Hope Brown in "Eben Holden" when it was played in New York. (2) The lady's name is Gladys Wallis; she was with several stars. (3) In the November number, 1903.

(Continued on following page)

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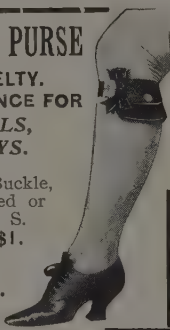
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